From Marmillan's Magazine for January.] SEA-DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

A city clerk, but gently born and bred; His wife, an unknown artist's orphan childme lake was theirs, a Margaret, three years old They, thinking that her clear germander eye Droopt in the glant-factoried city-gloom. Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea. For which his gains were dock'd, however small: His gains were small, and hard his work; besides, Their slender household fortunes (for the man Had risked his little), like the little thrift, Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep And oft, when sitting all alone, his face Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness, And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, roge To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine ow seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast All sand, and cliff, and deep-inruning cave, At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next, The Sabbath, pious variers from the church, To hapel; where a heated pulpiteer, Not preaching simple Christ to simple men, Announced the coming doom, and fulminated. Announced the coming doom, and fulminated. Against the scarlet woman and her creed For sideways up he swung his arms, and shrick'd 'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held Thus, thus with violence, ev n as in be near The Apocalyptic millistone, and himself Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence Shall Babylon be cust into the sea; Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world; He at his own: but when the wordy storm 'Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand, Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves, nk the large air, and saw, but scarce believed Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea. So now on sand they walked, and now on cliff. Lingering about the thymy promontories, Until the sails were darken'd in the West And rose in the East: then homeward and to bed Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope Haunting a holy text, and still to that Returning, as the bird returns, at night Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' Said, 'Love, forgive him:' but he did not speak; And silenced by that silence lay the wife, embering our dear Lord who died for all. And musing on the little lives of men And how they mar this little by their feuds

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremore Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke, And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell Heard through the living roar. At this the babe, Their Margaret cradled near them, wall'd and woke The mother, and the father suddenly cried, 'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd, and grouning sai

Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and flu A sort of absolution in the sound To hate a little longer! No; the sin That neither God nor man can well forgive, Hypocrisy, I mw it in him at once. It is not true that second thoughts are best, But first, and third, which are a riper first; thing divine to warn them of their foes And such a sense, when first I lighted on him Said, "trust him not;" but after when I can To know him more, I lost it, knew him less ; Fought with what seemed my own uncharity Sat at his table; drank his coully wines; Made more and more allowance for his talk; Went further, fool! and trusted him with all, All my poor scrapings for a dozen years
Of dust and deakwork: there is no such mine, None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold, Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roam Ruin; a fearful night!

'Not fearful; fair.' Said the good wife, 'if every star in heaven Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.

'O yes,' he said, 'I dream'd Of such a tide swelling toward the land, And I from the boundless outer deep Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs I thought the motion of the boundless deep rough the cave, and I was heaved upon it In darkness: then I saw one lovely star Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought. ndward exit of the cave, Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond And near the light a giant woman sat, All over earthy, like a piece of earth, A pick-axe in her hand : then out I slipt As high as heaven, and every bird that sings: And here the night-light flickering in my eyes

'That was then your dream,' she sai

'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream in fancy, till I slept again, and pieced The broken vision; for I dream'd that still The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink;
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it;
'It came,' she said, 'v) working in the mines;
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current coast! And then the motion of the current ceas'd. A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns:
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me, Sailing along before a gloomy cloud That not one moment ceased to thun Down in the water, a long reef of gold, Or what seemed gold; and I was glad at first Or what seemed good , and then I feared still so much gold was left; and then I feared Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it.
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle feet.
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd.
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd,

I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;

And my poor venture but a fleet of glass

Nay, said the kindly wife to comfort him, You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke The glass with little Margaret's medicine its it; And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband; 'yesterday I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd That which I ask'd the woman in my dream. Like her, he shook his head, "Show me the books!" He dedged me with a long and loose account. ""The books, the books!" but he, he could not wait, Bound on a matter he of life and death When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well; And then began to bloat himself, and oose All over with the fat affectionate smile That makes the widow lean. "My dearest friend, Have faith, have faith! We live by faith," said he, "And all things work together for the good Of those"—It makes me sick to quote him—last Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went. I stood like one that had received a blow: I found a hard friend in his loose accounts. A loose one in the hard grip of his hand, A curse in his God-bless you: then my eyes Pursued him down the street, and far away, Among the honest shoulders on the crowd, tead rascal in the motions of his back, nd scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good wife So are we all: but do not call him, love, His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend Wrongs himself more, and ever hears about A silent court of justice in his breast, thinself the judge and jury, and himself Theelf the judge and jury, and himself Theelf the judge and jury, and himself theelf the judge and jury, and himself the judge and jury, and Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well

· · · With all his conscience and one eye askew Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn A man is likewise counsel for himself, Too often, in that silent court of yours— With all his conscience and one eye askew Who as in conscience and one eye make, No false, he partly took himself for true: Whose pions talk, when most his heart was dry, Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye; Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged, And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged: And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest Arising, did his boly oily be Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven.
To spread the word by which himself had thriven.'
How like you this old satire?'

I loathe it : he had never kindly heart, Nor ever cared to better his own kind. Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It swed me. Well—I dream'd that round A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay, And ever in it a low musical note Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge over the pand tiest, and, as its went of, a ringe of breaker came from out the belt, and still Grew with the growing note, and when the note Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs Broke, mixt, with awful light (the same as that Which lived within the belt) by which I saw That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more. But huge cathedral fronts of every age, Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see, One after one : and then the great ridge drew, Lessening to the lessening music, back, And past into the belt, and swell'd again To music: ever when it broke I saw The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall; Then from the gaps of ruin which it left Came men and women in dark clusters round, Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!" And others, "Let them lie, for they have fall'n." And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find Their wildest wailings never out of tone With that sweet note; and ever when their shricks Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave Beturning, though none mark'd it, on the crowd Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eye Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke, And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dre Yours came but from the breaking of a glass, And mine but from the crying of a child."

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his, Our Boanerges with his threats of doom, And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms Went both to make your dream: but were there such A music, harmonising our wild cries, Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about, Why, that would make our Passions far too like True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune With nothing but the Devil!

One of our town, but later by an hour One or our town, but later by an hour Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore While you were running down the sands, and made The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap, Good man, to please the child: she brought strang

news.

I would not tell you then to spoil your day.

But he at whom you rail so much, is dead. Dead ? who is dead ?

'The man your eye pursued. A little after you had parted with him, He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease." "Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he

'Ah, dearest, if there be A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will ale not sleep
Without her "little birdie." well then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."

Saying this.

Left him one hand, and reaching through the night Her other, found (for it was close beside) And half embraced the basket craftle-head With one soft arm, which, like the plant bough That moving moves the nest and nestling The cradle, while she mang this baby song

What does little birdle say In her nest at peep of day? Let me fly, mys little birdie, Mother, let me fly away. Birdie, rest a little longer. Till the little wings are stro So she rests a little longer. Then she files away.

What does little baby my In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie Let me rise and fly away. If she sleeps a little longer, Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep. He also sleeps—another sleep than ours. He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear, And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man 'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:

Thanks, my love, she said Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.

> For the Saturday Press. CAPRICES.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.—Within.

The vicissitude of actual life is much the same to all persons. In this is no novelty. To be born, to have measles and whooping-cough, to drink carminative, and te tortured with pins,—these are universal privileges. To pass through the dreamland of youth; to have high and beautiful ideals, and to see them parodied and despoiled; to learn the lesson of manly fortitude; to toil, to hope, to mourn, and to die;—all these are in the common lot. But it is in our emotional life that we differ,—in that spiritual experience which varies according to the sensibility of our natures. For we acknowledge identical influences differently. The same acknowledge identical influences differently. The same reaknowledge identical influences differently. The same to different eyes. To one, they are only so much colored vapor. To another, sunset-clouds are not the same to different eyes. To one, they are only so much colored vapor. To another, they form a tent of regal magnificence, wherein imperial Apolio lies down to rest. Some persons look up into a night-sky, and see in its depths only so many spots of light. Others see the stars as "the poetry of heaven," and behold the "majestical roof frested with golden fire." The voice of the moonlit, Summer see, breaking over the rocks or plashing on silver sands,—how full of music to those who can hear it! The night is! The voice of the moonlit, Summer see, breaking over the rocks or plashing on silver sands,—how full of music to those who can hear it! The night is! The forest,—how sumblime is his Lendings J. All the tunnute variety or sature,—now nearlity it is lendered. Love is summer variety or sature,—now nearlity it is never the same to all of us. Love, hope, sapiration, sorrow,—they are universal emotions; but how differently experienced. Love is the religion of heaven, the parvasive spirit of God moving in the universe. But to some natures it is wild passion only. They are animals—nothing more. To others again, it is a pleasant episode in experience, a passing sweetness, an indifferent dignity. But to a truly noble soul, it is a divine fire, it is the life of life, the secret of immortality, "the consecration and the poet's dream."

So we differ. I would study human nature to know what it is. Let Grangfrind have his facts, and go his way with whatacever he can carry. Nothing is but an easy burden, and very generally borne. A wise man asks the results of experience—character. He would learn what the individual is; for that is tangible. I am glad to know where lishakespeare was born; that Anne Hathaway found him to be a wild sort of boy; that he was an actor, and sometimes played in his own plays; that he was a glorious fellow in the glorious company of the Mermind Club; that we know where his dust was buried; and that those who love and reverence his memory can sometimes make a pious play.

Hath

erence his memory can sometimes make a pious pli-grimage to his grave. These facts have their value. It is good to know them. But it is more, very much more, to know the character of Shakespeare, to com-prehend his nature, to realize what he was. For then Cushman was playing the trance-scene as Lady Mac-beth. Some people are out of place in the company of

TOLD IN A COMMONPLACE WAY.

I. He was a citizen
High in the city,
She was a Magdalen,
More is the pity! ood people frowned at her, As at this ditty.

II.

He was a gestleman Oren to pleasure;
the, as a courteane, ficationed ble treasure lead flustration of bleasure for measure.

in. laving small morit, he Yet lived in clover :

iout overeame him,—
A power potential,—
Dare not to bisme him

III.-The Gentleman

But the true gentleman is widely different from such But the true gentleman is widely different from such a man of the world; and I have an idea that—although he die in destitution or by suicide—the true gentleman is the only successful man. He has indeed lived in value, to whom, in mature life, the hollow pomps of ambitige seem yet to have any permanent value, or to consiltate my sufficient reward. Admiration is but a cold word where any heart is beating. Popular applaum! what is that but air?

To be a noble, chivalrous, accomplished gentleman! that is a worthy ambition. It is written by Souvestre:
"To love something better than one's self—that is the

To love something better than one's self—that is the cret of all greatness; to know how to live for other that is the aim of all noble souls."

It is the grandeur of life to accept fate with pai ad fulfil destiny with cheerfulness and fortitude **Come wealth or want, come good or ill.
Let young and old accept their part.
And how before the Awful Will.

And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Oo, loss or compor as you can;
But if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

"POEMS OF TWO FRIENDS."

the jublisher's counter. They obey the law of their land; : which, somewhat paradoxically, is in not being at all. Should this book conform to the practice, it must be said of the 'friends' who thus hang out their humans for the favoring gales of popular applause, they they loved in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided;" which is, we believe, a quo-

"Consins Belle and Kittle," "The Bouquet," "Sundown" is especially fine as a descriptive poem. But the following verses may serve to indicate Mr. Piatt in his most successful mood: 'Postseript.

Prostnersyst.

I shall not hear from her again
he all my blashing letters, long
I stole the serest from my pen
And hid it is unwrillen song.
Her letters, awaet as room pressed,
Bloom from my dreaming heart to-day.
Plushing I wrote, in sweet unrest:
My rose forgot to climb for May.

Long years: for her another's name— Another's lip—another's arm— (Ah, crawl into the ashes, flame 1) Another heart—though mine year warm My cracket, bush 1 his mirth is stilled; Dream-flames among dream-embers pla Another my Lost Beaven has filled: My rose forgot to climb for May.

Ah, well—the Protectist steals at less Beneath shy letters, buried—dead

of Mr. Howell's poetry we have already in general language indicated our appreciation. His poems, in this collection, are few in number. Some of them are translations from the German,—of Heine, Uhland, and Lenau,—but the most of them are original.

Mr. Howells is a man of genius. We do him justice; we do not pay him a compliment. His genius is not, we do not pay him a compliment.

Mr. Howells is a man of genius. We do him justice; we do not pay him a compliment. His genius is not, indeed, of the highest order; but it is genius, nevertheless. In regard to so much of this volume as is occupied by his poems, our position is, in some sense, that of a literary sponsor. We reconcile ourselves cheerfully and gracefully to that position.

A striking indication of genius in this poet, is the intense compression of his style. In his better poems there is no laborious detail nothing of the agony of inefficient art. Knowing that the best clothing for a beautiful thought is undity, he has ordained his blooght to be more than its expression. This is the imperial attitude of genius. His pictures are drawn with few strokes. He says all in few words—vivid, direct. Along the chain of his thought play keen lightning-jets of poetic passion, which illumines the dark places of the human heart as lightning illumines the midnight sky.

the midnight sky.

We like this poem. We believe it far beyond the ability of any ordinary writer to achieve. It is worthy

Like a bird of evil presage,
To the lonely house on the shore,
Came the wind with a tale of shipwo
And shrieked at the closed door.

And sapped its wing in the gables, And shouted the well-known names and buffeted the windows, Afeard in their shuddering frames. It was night,—and it is morning.— The Summer out is bland, And the white-cap waves come torking, rocking In to the Summer land.

The white-cap waves come rocking, recking And toss and play with the dead man,

We are precluded from quoting some of the best poems in this collection, because, as we have intimated, they have already been printed in This Savannay Passa. We mention their titles: "Drifting Away," "Dead," "Liebenwonne," "Under the Locusts," and "The

"Dead" is a livid, ghastly picture, a poem which it is high praise to say is altogether worthy a place with the similar creations of Poe. We copy the following lines as a good specimen of this writer's intense com-

Compliment

When one is to die, it is pleasant
To have the knife bright and keen
This awkward backing is hefrid—
Work not it to be seen.

Here comes your friend, my darling— A compliment to your art! Who would think, to see you together, You had stabbed him to the heart.

(From "Once a Week.")

A WIFE.

The wife sat thoughtfully turning over A book inscribed with the school-girl's name: A tear—one tear—fell bot on the cover She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing— With cold calm words upon either side; But, just at the sound of the room-door shutt A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

[From "Once a Week,"]

THE GHOST'S NIGHT-CAP.

Just thirty years ago—that is to say, in the month of November, 1829—an English family, named Daubville, was in occupation of an old Italian villa on the Leghorn Hills. It is to be regretted that the Daubvilles wrote "Honorable" before their name, because any reader with a soul above that animula vagula, blandula, which animates the tidy form of an Irish waiting-woman, must be so heartly sick of the aristo-cratic ekidons which pervade our modern English novels, that he would feel a history of Mr. Stubba, the tallow-chandler, an ineffable relief from the monoton ons insightly of the purple. But, as in all essentials the following narrative is true, nothing being altered but the name of the family in which it occurred, it is necessary to state or admit that the Daubville family consisted of Lady Caroline Daubville, a widow—ber two daughters, Margaret and Elias, then with her—a son John, absent at Cxford—and of Lady Caroline's brother-in-law, also called John, who at the moment brother-in-law, also called John, who at the moment our story opens was driving up the avenue of the Villa Ardinghelli, on a visit to his sister and nieces.

Artingaetii, on a visit to his saster and neces. The two young ladies ran down-stairs to welcome their uncle. The Honorable John Daubville was tall and sjare, somewhat above fifty years of age; very bald, and with a stereotyped sneer upon his lips. A kindly-natured man in reality, he prided himself upon his soom for all forms of superstition, all prejudice, and upon his profound disbelief of all supernatural inter-ference with the order of nature. He had trained his

oline.

"And how are you, my dear sister, in this best of most of most

Autumn in Paria."
"Well, brother, well," replied Lady Caroline
"and I am glad that the villa we have chosen meet

with your approbation. Right glad are we to see you; but—but——" Lady Caroline pansed, with a made-up

"Eh! What do you mean? Is there not a room for me here?"
"Yes, dear brother, there is not only one room, but

two rooms. The only objections I know to the first, are four. It is over the stable, dark, small, and looks on the court-yard. The second is a noble chamber, with a glorious view of the Mediterranean; but—but

"There is a report that is hannied."
"There is a report that is hannied."
"There is a report that is hannied."
"The country of the same in the same in refatable contempt; "no doubt there will be room for both of us. So the ghost does not insist upon room for both of us. So the ghost does not insist upon sharing my bed, I shall make no objection, and indeed if he does—— By the way, is it he or she?" "He, John, he," replied Lady Caroline, with a look worthy of Lucretia at her spinning-wheel. "Umph! Well, if he does, being a ghost, it is no

creat matter. Only there must be an arrangement between us as to our hours of getting up; for, as have always understood, ghosts are in the habit of rising at cock-crow. Now, unless you could make away with all the cocks in the neighborhood save one, and shut that one up in a dark closet till 10 a. n., and then open the door. Eh?"
"Well, well, John," said Lady Caroline, "I see you

are as skeptical as ever."

Mr. Daubville made a profound bow.
"And so Margaret and Eliza shall conduct you to
the Hausriso Roos."

the Haurrizo Room."

"By all means, replied her brother. "I dare say your ghost and I can get on well together."

The room into which Mr. Daubville was conducted by his nicess, had obviously been used of old as the principal aleeping apartment of the villa. It was very large, and contrary to the received opinions with regard to haunted rooms, was very cheerful and bright. Three large windows looked out upon, or rather towards the sas for the Villa Ardinshell stood upon the It is good to know them. But it is more, very much more, to know them. But it is more, very much more, to know the character of Shakespears, to comprehend his nature, to realize what he was. For them he is a living reality; he is with us as a friend once more; he sits with us as a friend once more; he sits with us at home; he walks with us into literatures for his problem. Follett, Foster & Company, the poetry of Mr. Howells it is probable that in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is nowed and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is nowed and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is not absent from our Summer-rambles in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is not absent from our Summer-rambles in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is not absent from our Summer-rambles in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is not absent from our Summer-rambles in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is not absent from our Summer-rambles in wood and meadow. We love him as a friend; it is not absent from our Summer-rambles of a sweet companionship; we feel our own grandeur in him for he is a proof of what nature is capable. But we have seen one of the creatures fall asleep in the theatre while Charlotte will be absent from our Summer-rambles of the prophecy of a mile from the sandy beach. Through these windows the western are somewhat acquainted, as several of the our series in fluids and solids, and the law of gravitation, and the other natural laws and things; and therefore the farm that the wards the sas, for the Villa Ardinghelli stood upon the we see no difficulty in the way of our predicting for Mr. Howells what Shakespeare, or somebody, calls "a beyond the windows the western and was now pouring his rays, and illumination our British friend—"on the threshold of a splendid career." We can but wish him the marble halls of a love of the same proper of the threshold of the market have an an interest in the future. But we believe more less in fluids and solids, and the law of gravitati might reasonably enough expect to find in any spart-ment devoted to the use of a lodger of his class. The bed was not only enormously broad, but high in pro-portion, so that it would have required considerable gymnastic powers to have reached the table-land on the summit, but for a flight of steps which stood by stagrown and divided; "which is, we believe, a quotate the properties of the propert gymnatic powers to have reached the table-land on the summit, but for a flight of steps which stood by its side. Mattrass after mattrass, stuffed with the leaves of the Indian corn, had been piled up, the one on the other, in order that the stately pile might attain its due proportions. Over against the bed was a large open chimney—the hearth fitted up with "dogs" of quaint old workmanhip. Great blocks of fir, and the pine-cones picked up in the adjacent woods, were the fuel with which it was fed. There was a clump but richly-carved dressing-table placed facing the centre window, with a large mirror behind it, and wellnigh opposite this, against the fourth and remaining wall of the room, a black chestnut wardrobe, large enough to hold half-a-dosen people standing upright. Now it must not be supposed that the great bed with its hangings, the toliett-table with its mirror, the open chimney with its dogs, the wardrobe with its capabilities—though these might fairly be considered ghostly furniture—were sufficient to communicate to the apartment the feeling of a haunted room. It was so large that if the articles named did not appear quite lost in it, at any rate they seemed to be the right things in the right place. The care of the young ladies had provided three or four small tables, unquestionably of modern fashion and make, covered over with those little knick-knacks which look so charming, and which are so useless, but without which ladies do not seem the comities that bed not appear in country house.

Doemet.

Of him I love day and night, I dreamed I heard he w

dead.

And I dreamed I went where they had buried him I have—But he was not in that place,
And I dreamed I wandered, searching among burial-places, to find him,
And I found that every place was a burial-place,
The houses full of life were equally full of death, (This

The house is now.)
The streets, the shipping, the places of amusement, the Chicago. Philadelphia, the Mannahatta, Boston, were as full of the dead as of the living.
And fuller, O vastly fuller, of the dead than of the

living;

—And what I dreamed I will henceforth tell to ever

prison and age.

And I stand henceforth bound to what I dreamed:

And now I am willing to disregard burial-places, and dispense with them.

And if the memorials of the dead were put up indiffer-

sleep, I should be satisfied. And if the corpse of any one I love, or if my own corpse, be duly rendered to powder, and poured in , the sea, I shall be satisfied.

Or if it be distributed to the winds, I shall be satisfied.

WALT WHITMAN

The Saturdan Press Book-List. For the week ending January 28, 1860.

13f course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pale of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAT PRESS, does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, provided in comely type, is a very valuable notice.—HARPER' WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1869.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN

The Richard Revealed in the Creation and Redemption of Man the Rev. Samuel J. Baird, D.D., Pastor of the Presby church, Woodbury, N.J., Large Svo, 868 pp. \$2.50. Phi phia: Lindsay & Blaketon

to American Christian Record, containing a Classified and State toral Record of Beligious and Moral Associations in the Uniter States and Karope : the History, confession of Faths, and Prevent Statistics of each of the Religious Denominations of the Christians. New York W. R. C. Clark & Hecker. n Appeal to the People, in Behalf of their Rights as Authorizes, Interpreters of the Bible. By Catharine E. Beecher, author of Common Sense Applied to Religion, Physiology and Calisthenics Domestic Receipt Book, etc. 12mo, muslin \$1. New York

The Path Which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Cathole Church By Peter H Burnett I vol. 8vo. 741 pages \$2.50 New York D Appleton & Co. MEDICAL. Man-Moral and Physical; or, the Influence of Health and Disease on Religious Experience. By Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D.D. 12mo. 91. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

NOVELS, ETC.

he Waterwitch: or the Skimmer of tee Seas. A Tale: By J. Fei imore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley 12mo, pp. 462. \$1.50. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. MISCELLANEOUS.

The Merchants' and Bankers' Register for 1880 By J. Smith Homans, Jr. 8vo. \$1 25. New York: Derby & Jackson. Beadle's Dune Recipe Book, embracing the Latest and Best Infor-mation for the American Household. A Directory for the Par-lor, the Nursery, the Sick-Room, the Toilet, and the Kitcher By Mrs. Victor. New York: Irwin P. Beadle.

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REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

haul: Five Discourses. By Adolphe Monod. Translated from French by Rev. J. H. Myers, D.D. 12mo, pp. 192. Ando W. F. Draper. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. whateley, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth. New York: James Miller.

De Diements of Perspective. Arranged for the use of schools. By John Runkin, author of Modern Painters. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth. 62% cents. New York: John Wiley.

HISTORICAL. ison's History of Europe. Eighth and concluding volume. [The Work, complete in 8 vols., muslin, \$12; sheep, extra, \$14; half calf, \$20.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Capt. McClintock's Narrative of the Voyage of the For, in Search of Str John Franklin. With Twenty Illustrations and Four East oral Maps. \$1 25. [Only Authorized Edition.] Boston Teck nor & Fields. nor a recta.

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brigin of Species, by Means of Natural Selection, or the vation of Favored Baces in the Struggle for Lafe. B Blarwin, M.A. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 432, \$1 25. New York dic Magnetic Letters. By Baron Reichenbach. Translated from the German by John S. Hittell. 12mo, paper, pp. 88. New York: Calvin Bianchard.

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Lyrical Poems. By John S. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the Uni-versity of Edinburgh. Svo, 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: Sutherlan-

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log of Elibank; and other Tales. Originally published in Francis.

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Loudon: J. W. Parker & Son.

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BOOKS IN PRESS

ROBERT M. DEWITT, NEW YORK The Wood Rangers. By Capt. Mayes Reid, author of Ouccols, HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. Lord Egin's Mission to Chans and Appans, in 1857, 784, and 10, Lawrence Oliphani, Serviary to Lord Egin. Businations.

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE, BOSTON Boat Journey. By Dr. J. I. Hayes, pedition. [Ready Feb. 15th.]

CALVIN BLANCHARD, NEW YORK from the German by John S. Hittell.

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SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK. W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., NEW YORK

Against Wind and Tole By Holme Lee, author of Kathie Brand Sylvan Holt's Daughter, etc. 12mo, pp. 425 31.

NEW PUBLICATIONS Received at the Office of The Saturday Press. For the week ending Saturday, Jan. 28, 1859.

Waterwitch or the Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale. By J. Feb. one Cooper. Distrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley mo, pp. 462. \$1.50. New York. W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860. Detunary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester LL.D. Impercal 4to, pp. 1,775. Boston: Hicking, Swan Brewer, 1860.

11. 1) Imperial stee, pp. 1,775.

Rewer, 1200.

Xariative of the Incovery of the Fale of Sir John Franklin and, Nariative of the Incovery of the Fale of Sir John Franklin and, Period.

Besteen, Techne & Freeds. 1890.

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New York Harper & Richters. 1860.

An Appeal to the People in Behalf of their Rights as Authorized Interpreters of the Ribble By Catharine E. Bescher, author of Common Sense Applied to Reignon, Physiology and Cainthenies. Vork. Harper & Beschers. 1860.

The American Journal of Medical Scenices. [Quarterly] Edited by Issae Hars, M.D. No. LXXXII. New Series. January, 1860.

Probadelphin Blanchard & Les.

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he Adopted Hear. IP Miss Julia Pardos, author of The Confessions of a Pretty Woman. The Jeakons Wife, The Rival Beauties, The Wife's Trais, Romance of a Harem, Losis XIV, and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Gentury, Life of Maria de Medica. Court and Reign of Frances the First, etc., etc.—12mo, pp. 360
Philadelphia T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Beadle's Dime Cook Book, embodying what is Most Economic, Most Practical, Most Excellent. By Mrs. Victor. New York, Irwin P. Beadle. 1860.

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Beadle's Dime Review Beak; embracing the latest and best information for the American Household. A Directory for the Parker, Mrs. Victor. New York: Irwin F. Beadle. 1860.
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hic Magnetis Letters. By Baron Reichenbach. Translated from the German by John S. Hittell. 12mo, paper, pp. 88. New York Calvin Blanchard. 1860

MUSIC.

The Voral Beauties of Les Vepres Skilliennes Grand Opera by Verdi. hau-Suprano and Tourch, "Il Perdonno & E. Isdee All Anima." New York: Pirth, Pond & O. Jark Friest Galop, For the Piano. By George William Warres. New York: Firth, Pond & O.

Contents of Magazines

entley's Quarterly Review for January contains: The Con-litical Campaign: The Ordinance Survey; George Sand; English; Domestic Architecture; Ben Jonson; Greek Lit-John Stuart Mill on Liberty; Lord Dundonald.

Special Notices.

Maname Husque, No. o

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mers. Twenty four Pictures for One Dollar. 315 Broadway (adjoining New York Hosp

(From the Press, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.)

[From the Press, Philadelphia, Crtober 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Gibne.

To have a favorite piece of china chapped or broken, a pet it this binding tors, a nice piece of furniture fractured, as a can testify. Mr. Spalding, state advertises his Prepared the Press to day, sent us some of its resteroisty. We deve to hours to its practical application—result, two carved to pleately restored, many odds and ends of china and glass in for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several day appears of the present of the present

The N. Y. Saturdan Press.

ROBERT W. PEARSALL, Proprietors.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1860.

· VIEWS.

One need not have read THE SATURDAY PRESS ver one of the main objects of its publication is to give one of the main objects of its publication is to give the most original and entertaining writers in the coun-try a medium of communication with the public. The subjects excluded from its columns are chiefly those with which the public are sufficiently bored in

he other papers.

With hardly any other restriction than this, its conors are left to choose their own topics, and to

reat them in their own way.

It is perhaps owing to this fact that now and then we hear it complained that The Savunday Passe is at

But this can never be, since THE SATURDAY PRIME has Some of its writers have theories, but we hold

selves in noway responsible for them, though we take a certain pleasure in seeing them in print, if only for their novelty and piquandy. We of course have our own private notions about things, and now and then express them. But we have no idea of forcing them either upon our readers or up-

people in the world take exactly the same view of any-thing, it follows that if all the writers in Tuz Sarva-nay Pams my precisely what they think,—as most of them evidently do,—we shall secure that variety, and so far at least suffice the same view.

which explains in part the sprightlines and with their articles. If we should undertake to check of rect them in any way, the life of our little

be gone.

Its most striking psculiarity, now, is the monotony about it, either of opinion or of style. Some one once said of it, that there was no tall in any case, where it would turn up, while the ments of most other papers could be calculated wit much certainty as an eclipse.

much certainty as an eclipse.

That is pretty much so, and explains, pp paper's success,—explains why it has move e friends, and is more largely quoted from, than any other weekly in the country.

A man can read it through without go over it. In other words, it is alive; whereas

animated by what people call a 'high purpose,' and devoted itself to the serious advocacy of some party or creed, it might exceed the other papers of the country in stupidity as much as it now exceeds them in good

A melancholy result, even to think of Spiritualist-Idea There is a Medium in all things.

Organ Grinder's Adage One good turn deserves another.

Inscription for Trinity Church Clock Ab uno disce omnes. The last Man that crossed Jordan

Very like a Bull.

Mr. Etheridge's suggestion that there be no more aking in the House until there is a speaker there. Joke for the Mariners.

Aut sea, sir, aut nullus. WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

The Premier. In the year of Grace, 1848, Lewis Cass, of Michiga

as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He was defeated by an unknown Colonel in the army which simply proves that the people of these United States are more accessible to the influences of military

Buchanan's Premier. Before I ask your readers, 0 Editor, to pass the threshold of his home with me, I

No need is there of pen-graphing his form and fea-ture. If they are not familiar, nothing but eyesight or photograph would represent him fairly; but when you think of him as nearly seventy-eight, pray begin by banishing from your imagination the remotest idea by banishing from your imagination the remotest idea of an octogenarian. Think of a hearty-looking, reof an octogenarian. Think of a hearty-looking, robust gentleman, who walks as straight, and sets his foot as firmly, as a drum-major—declining with pleasant thanks the proffered arm of younger men on sleety sidewalks; who exchews mufflers, and gloves, and cloaks, as the burdensome contrivances of our effeminate age, (and, by the same token, I met him so that all the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token, I met him so that are to the same token. death "—and he replied, "O I don't like to be ham-pered around my shoulders"), who—to proceed— never has a cold, or cough; who always is carefully se-

naniest working main in no once, whinn nee minutes of 9 o'clock—one way or the other—you may see his coming down the side of Lafayette Square, on his way to his official post. Once there, he is busy with his dispatches and affairs until 8 or 4, and sometimes when business presses, he will, with the amistance ship to be pressed into that service. The Premier treat his clerks not merely like gentlemen, but like friends; and they love him as a father, and serve him like sons.

At half-past 12, daily, a servant enters his office with At half-past 12, daily, a servant enters his office with a covered basket, containing a light repast, of which the General partakes in his antercom; that is his only dinner. Nothing after that but a cup of tes in the evening; when, with literature, with art, and with the delights of a happy home and intellectual friends, he occupies himself, after disengaging his neck from the yoke of state.

But he entertains his friends like a Prince, possessing, fortunately, the the three requisites, so rarely the ing, fortunately, the the three requisites, so rarely the loose or her guests! Pardon me, all.

arest of all, the amoir faire

His kind heart, his frank speech, his genial conver-sation, win all to feel themselves his friends. All the diplomats esteem him: all the politicians respect him; all his friends love him. It was said to me of him, and you will trace the quiet dignity, the affectionate graceful-few days ago, "He has always maintained his own rights, he has never trespassed on the rights of others, and if you are like me, you'll be loth to mather. And, if you are like me, you'll be loth to His kind heart, his frank speech, his genial conve few days ago, "He has always maintained his own rights, he has never trespassed on the rights of others, and has never spent money before he earned it!"

He is like the good man in the 15th Panim of David.

Would Get these

so his heart is sad at the prospects of the

Think how we have hursed ourselves ahead in the stream of time,—Niagara-fashlon, as one might my,— when he now comes from Detroit in as many hours as it formerly required days.

Think how he must seem to himself

He and his chief! The only old pilots who know the channels and reefs—and the ranting, rattling, reasing young middles, who are skylarking with the sais, call them Old Fogies!

I have faith in such.

As for him of whom I write, I believe that if an As for him of whom I write, I believe that if any man lies down upon his pillow every night with a heart at peace with his Maker, and in love to his fal-low, that man is Lewis Cam, Secretary of State of the United States, whom may God bless!

Politico-Personal.

Your fair Ada Clares having religiously skipped over the first part of this Walf, it is but justice to them that the lords should be informed that this second and has part has been copy-righted exclusively for the prieste use of the lady-readers of the Press.

And when those dear readers are informed that I would write this part of my letter for a paper in which they would parhaps naver see it, I think I place myself instantly en rapport with

The Hony Ledyard At Some. Tuesday Erming, 17 January

is memor of congress, a stringly on an at my own success.

The house in which Mrs. H. L. was at he evening aforesaid, is near the northeasters Lafayette Square. It is, in fact, two immensions houses, of four stories, thrown into

le of taste and cultivation as this. The capital with all its gaudy glories, purchased at the cost of mil-lions, would fly sky-high if placed in an setbetic bal-

bjects of vertu, portraits and paintings, relies and mementos,—everything that can delight the eye, everygase at every step one takes through the six spacious salons which with the broad halls form the suite of the

all the art giories of New York must yield the pain to this exquisite collection. A calalogue of them would fill your paper. At a hazard I mention life-size busts, fill your paper. At a hasned I mention life-size busts, antiques, of Scipio Africanus, of Hannibal, of Caligula, of Casar Augustus, of Septimus Severus and his wife Julis, of Titus the conquerer of Jerusalem, of the blessed Saviour and His mother (these two being of the second or third century), of the Constable Bourbon, and the infamous judge. Farinaccio, who condemned Beatrice Cenci; all of these well authenticated, all with a history as reliable and real almost as the second with a history as reliable and real almost as the sacred canons. But this is not all: there are carved oaken chests black with age, and older than the Reformation; escritoires of the middle ages, inlaid with ivory angels and fat Cupids; a table made of a huge slab taken from manship.

If the same contest were tried now—and if Lewis Cass could be brought face to face with the free electors of this free country—he would be carried into the White House by the affections of the people, if not by the votes of the Democracy. Not as a partisan, but as a devoted patriot, a Christian gentleman, and a tender and true-hearted man.

If God spare him until next October—and may be be spared to his country, and his friends for many more years of his green old age—seventy-eight Autumns will have dropped their leaves over his path.

There are few faces among our public men more than the field of Mr. There are few faces among our public men more than that of Mr.

There are few faces among our public men more than that of Mr. haps, in Scripture phrase, "Here still I'd stay, for I do
like it well," but you knew you couldn't, and so went
away ready to tell everybody that you had seen the
finest collection of rare books in New York; but you
like't went I wrote my first hurried Waif to the fascinating columns of that chef-d'œuvre of elegant typography
and hebdomadal literature, the Savenday Pass, that

I don't know. I am not a cabinet-maker, nor a fur-niture-dealer. Still I am sure, if there were any of the fashionable atrocities with which people who have mocovered sofas, saying to your eyes, if not you

ears, noli me tangere.

It is no violation of the confidences imposed by hospi-It is no violation of the confidences imposed by hospitality to say that General Cass is a rich man. And how lofty and ennobling is the taste which employs a portion of his wealth in the collection of the most rare and valuable works of art, in the effort to exalt and sublimate the ideas of those who think of dollars only

sublimate the ideas of those who think or domination is the equivalents of animal enjoyment!

I know a man, for instance, who is richer than the Premier, who might do inconceivable good to his race, and win imperishable honor to his name, with his practice of governousliss which is too often the only attraction of the houses of public men.

May the Premier and his hospitable and elegant themselves the proper and his hospitable and elegant themselves have be spared to the citizens of Washington as

boundless wealth,—and his highest ambition is to keep a stud of fast borses, and a free tap of Champagne and brandy at his stables.

I know another, who did not know what else to do for the gratification of a vulgar love of show, and who had the doors in his house made of huge mirrors.

There are so many folks whose highest ambition it is to be regarded as embodiments of the 'damn the expense' creed!

Time is mo

That lady, whose name is on the card, is at the head of her father's household.

gure and the massive proportions of her good pere, ralk with me, please, into this salon, across the passleave that portrait, for it brings up and and aching wonderments if your own mother wouldn't have look-ed like that, if the chill air of death had not driven her

dame Van —, wife of the minister from the Hague who is as much at home as ever, and who has a happy

who is as much at some as ever, and who has a happy shoulty of inspiring every one with the same feeling. I don't know whether it is the genial goodness of the Premier, or the womanly winningness of the lady of the house, or the frank cordiality and accomplished vermitility of her handsome husband,—somehow it is, there's no stiffness is a presentation to that trio, who make their guests feel, from the first moment, in a state of unalloyed satisfaction with themselves, their neighbor and the set of the

bors, and the rest of mankind.

Who were there?

It's not unfair to name public men.

The most distinguished personage of the sterner sex in point of official rank was the young and handsome Vice-President of the United States, John C. Breckentidge. Of the standard Kentucky height, six feet, plus, of self-possessed and dignified carriage, of quick sagle sys and dark complexion, and of kindly and unaffected converse to all who approach him,—I would take his chances for the next Presidency at a far less discount than those of any other kwown candidate.

The knewing ones my, that the Guthrie interest is disand old heads and young hearts turn welcomingly to-wards him.

Then there is Secretary Toucey, tall, precise, courtly.

and chilling; way ancher regimelsh in his general getting up, very white and stiff in the choker lina, very sensible of his great value to the Government. After him, Jerry Black—as the ultra-democrats call him—the Attorney-General, heavy, hand ring, alow-eachy, but well-meaning and, on the whole, singled cattles. I dwin of the Senate, mastedonicle proportion as his own Pacific railway project; Pasted Ling of the same House, who is Gwin pushed in as it were, so that Gwin's six feet longitude and three feet latitude become in King three feet longitude and six feet latitude, and who is so amiable and jolly, that, Republican as he is, he is not yet taboo by the South; for there is his colleague. Clingman, of North Carolina, the preux chevalier of that body, elegant, and self-satisfied—and by good right—with his great speech, there they are chatting as cosily as though they both swore by the same political god, instead of being at political sword's point. And there is Cox, of Ohio, one of the rising young men, keen, facetious, bitter in sarcasm, small in stature, black in beard, and a pillar in the Doughas sanctuary, taking a Roman punch with Joy Morris, his foe in the House, his friend out of it, and his second as the House, his friend out of it, and his second as elf physically, only where Cox is black, Morris is red. foe in the House, his friend out of it, and his second self physically, only where Cox is black, Morris is red; not far off, Browne, associate organ-grinder to the White House, who is as happy as a mouse at a Parmesan cheese, in view of the strengthening mess of pottage his constitution had received the same day from the hands of the Senate, talking with Charles Earnes, General Pierce's Minister to Venezuela, now supposed to be the metropolitan custodian of Mr. Guthrie's political fortune, and one of the strongost talkers and clearest thinkers in the whole assemblage; and Hunter, of the State Department, who knows more about Foreign Affairs and international law than all Hunter, of the State Department, who knows more about Foreign Affairs and international law than all the people at the capitol end of the avenue put together, and whose ability is only equalled by his singular modesty; and then, leaving quiet, home-made folks for the furriners, there are of the diplomatic corps, Lord-Lyons (married), quiet and unassuming almost to diffidence; Mata (married), with his Mexican attaches, their numbers in inverse proportion to the strength of his government; Molina (hachelor), of Central America, olive-colored and affable, talking Spanish nonsense in good English to a pretty girl; Blondeel von Chlenbrock (bachelor), of the Netherlands; the Chevalier Hulseman (bachelor, du constitution). hands; the Chevalier Hülseman (bachelor, but con-firmed), of Austria—and a general sprinkling of secre-taries, attaches, and chancelliers, of whom I hope to procure an exact list, with a reliable statement of their matrimonial availability, their official prospects, their personal resources, their prospective titles, and all those other interesting statistics which your belles would ap-preciate on the eve of a visit to Washington, in the possibility that one of these pretty foreign fish might bite at a neat American hook; mere American fish being so decidedly cod-dy and sheeps-headish that no sensible American girl, who knows the value of rank and appreciates the attractions of foreign society, would commit such an excessive folly as to land one in her net, while the sweet little gold-fry were about.

[Moral. The prettiest girl I know has waited and a sturdy, honest, whole-heartedcod, is gone forever.]

Lady-Clare-ical.

didn't pretend togetell what their names were! Only
you knew you would be very happy to get back
among them again!

not only it, but successive Waifs up to the present numyou knew you would be very happy to get back
among them again! among them again!

For my part, it may be very silly, but I hold my breath and wonder how people can chat commonplace and whisper nonsense under the eyes, perhaps near to the spirits of those who have made such broad, deep, inefwhisper nonsense under the eyes, perhaps near to the spirits of those who have made such broad, deep, ineffected in the such process of the United States in five years.

The day readers will think me prosy.

I don't know. I am not a cabinet-maker, nor a furnitren-deart. Still I am more if there were any of the meaning of the readers of the States in five years. wife of a Post-Captain in the Royal Navy; Madam B—, the beautiful young Brazilian wife of the Ex-Secretary of the Mexican Legation; and the crowning glory of all, the sweet, pure American beauty of your own village, who captured the heart and adorns the coronet of the Viscompte T—, who represents at pre-sent His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III. at this

ourt.

After such a climax my pen refuses to name coars

performance is the delicate compliment paid to the guests in regard to refreshments, which are delicious,

Motto for Note-shavers.

During the exhibition of that 'splendid set,' at Tiffany's, Junes said it was a 'poor card.' "How so?" asked Stubbins. "Because," said Jones, "It is

"Why, Augustus," said the pouting Arabella, "how could you do so? You have torn my best song out of the music-book." "Never mind, my love, we won't quarrel, but have it bound over to ke

Device for Mayor Wood. Bois tortu fait feu droit.

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Experience of the 'Fancy Stock' holder C'est le premier per qui conte.

Jo Cone describes the great Hungarian patriot as what the French call un homme com

The Bohemian's Sweet-hear Temperance-Motto

Sauce for the Goose and Sauce for the Gander The Retired Swamp Merchant's favorite Wine

Heidsick. Helpers' Impending Crisis

Con-Why do the Italians take to organ-grin

Hard to beat.

Stick to your last-cobbler.

Thoughts and Chings.

sketch, entitled "MATILDA MCTIEN." It has a nice comic originality, and, like everything that lady does, is well done: but the idea is sailly old-fashioned. How very quaint it must be to live in Connecticut, catching only the far-off echoes of the world's life as it rolls on-ward in metropolitan places! A thing has passed away here, long before it ceases to be visible in Con-necticut, just as any of the fixed stars could die out of heaven, and its last light travel many years ere reach-ing this planet, so that to us it would be an existence, long after it was forgotten in space.

In metropolitan cities the literary woman is no long-

In metropolitan cities the literary woman is no long-er accused of sternness toward the other sex; fraility is what they accuse her of now. The male, who is always the protector of virtue, follows vindictive in her footsteps, to dry the tears no longer of the betrayed mutton-chop, but of injured propriety; her crime be confiding victuals letrayed and then cust aside to per-ish of shame and repentance, while their remorseless betrayers floated gayly through the proud columns of

Perhaps I am signing my death-warrant in making this confession, but if a man wants to chastise literary pretention in me, if he wishes to wring my bosom and pretention in me, if he waste to wring my tosom aim agonize my soul, let him treat me as the highly intelli-gent being without any weaknesses; let him have no topics in speaking with me but solemn ones; let him weigh me down with wit, with puns, with deep re-marks of any kind, with scientific and logical statements; let him, refusing to listen to my naturally stupid little conversation, insist on my being sareastic and brilliant; let him deny me all sorts of nonsencia caprices for all sorts of ridiculous people and things; let him deny my right to be a fool with the foolishest of follies,—and the hoop-skirt will become a burden to me, and the next Spring flowers will blush over my

I know not what connection there is between my grave in particular, and human fathers in the abstract, yet the latter have stepped out of the former into my

The father is the ludicrous and therefore the m ful figure in the comedy of life.

His offspring brings for him much care, much work, and some pride, but very little heart-pleasure. What a melancholy object is the father during the most trying period of his wife's experience! Does she not huge target for all the arrows that come from her suf-fering and irritable mind and body to aim a!. But why need I say more: the abject and down-trodden reature which the father of the unborn child becomes

But the summit of his nervous wretchedness is only eached when the time of her trial comes. He wanbody's eyes-secretly considered a brute. All the vials with them. Nurses, doctors, aunts, housemaids, walk over him as though the were a worm, and trample upon him until he is no longer remembered. His house is turned into a hospital, and he is therefore habits are treated as crimes; he is not even allowed a glass to shave with; so when he slinks meekly into his wife's chamber, she protests, with tears in her eyes, that the ugliness of his countenance had well-nigh thrown her into convulsions. He approaches guiltily he cradle where the little one lies the craille where the little one lies, furtively drops a kias on its sweet face, upon which it instantly gives forth a piercing wall, thereby entering the universal protest against him. He starts back cowed and hum-bled, while the pale mother in her bed sobs out that she is resigned to suffering herself, but prays that he As time goes on, and his son advances to maturity,

he has nothing but a forlorn pride to console him. The little fellow that has been a part of his mother's body, that has drawn his life for months from her breast, that has slept in her arms, and known no Providence but her, as he grows, still thinks his mother an angel, while his father appears to him an inexorable judge, out in authority in order to thwart all his plans, and aip all his pleasures in the bud.

The father takes upon himself the

his son's transgressions, and the boy goes forth from the assumed sternness of the father, revenge and rebel-lion rankling in his heart towards that parent while he throws himself upon the tender bosom of his mother-who mingles her tears with his, to soothe away the pas-

sion of his grief and anger. All through life it is so; the father pays the young man's bills: but his manner of doing it takes away from the kindness of it. The father refuses to sympathize with the youthful follies and extravagancies and tastes of the young man. He exercises a domestic tyranny over him, he remonstrates sternly with him, he speers at. sect for him; he fears, ave his father, but he cannot love him. On the contrary, the mother keeps an immortal youth for her child. She sympathizes with his caprices, re-

oices and sorrows with him, and to her he is never prayed indeed ere they can become indifferent to each other. She thirks her child the man among men, chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely; he thinks his mother the only perfect woman in the world. But the name of his father is seldom tenderly on his ips; about him the son preserves an omine I commenced these remarks with a view to deploring the forlorn position of the father, but I know that it is in a great measure his own fault. He begins wrong. He regards the mother of his child as a mere child-

O, if he could learn that child-bearing was as much a matter of the soul as of the body; if he could look into the mother's heart, and read the deep disquists, the passionate doubts, the dim yearnings, the fears, the sorrowings, the anguish of leve, that make the travail of the soul harder-than that of the body! How much he could lighten that burden if he were not blinded with pride and materiality! for, indeed, the heaviest weight of all to her is the conviction that she struggles alone. She feels that he in a measure de spises her, that he regards her patience, her suffering, her sadness, as an unnecessary folly which she was born to suffer. Even his pity has the air of condescension.

and his love that of convenience.

O. fathers, can you wonder that the life growing out of hers, colored with her hopes, and fears, and emotions, so often comes into the world to consider you its enemy, to treat you with fear and deceit?

I believe there are three parties to the birth of a child,—the mother, the father, and God. When the father refuses to acknowledge that high spiritual element in conception, he loses only himself, and the child belongs to God and its mother.

child belongs to God and its mother.

All through life the foolish pride of the father appears: he treats the child as a mere tool in his hands, to inherit his name and work out his wishes. He deprives him of his pleasures when he is a child, without condescending-to explain to him that his own welfar

lobby through two bills,—one for the peremptory crushing of Bourcicault, and the other to make the production of Kerjanou obligatory upon the managers.

butcher's shops.

He loved not wisely, but too well—the Brighest

tricts, where he pursues the festive trout, and slays, once in a long while, the bounding decr.

He corresponds with Sophonisba. to whom he told

his love, and in his last letter encloses a printed pro-

gramme, with the following remarks:
"This is a gay place; the young ladies wear freckles on their faces, but no hoops, and the young men in-dulge in blue overalls, chew gum, and anathematic by goll.' You will please hand the enclosed to

Professor Nichole has the honor of announcing to the Ladies and Geutlemen of this place and vicinity, that he will give one of his chaste and pleasing Entertainments at Halsted's Hall, on Wednes-day evening. All that is pleasing, yet chaste in Wit and Humor, will be protrayed, forming in all a lancium Peaus of Mirth and State, which is the above Hall presents extraordinary inducements to the Lovers of Pun and Begant Amusement.

The performance commences with the "inimitable comedy, entitled The Sesse Odinge, or Why don't She Marry? O! Liberty for Me! No Man's Wife I'd be." Professor Nichols plays "Nats Tick the Witty Lover."

Mrs. Nichols is the Lasette, and Miss Emma Sauders, the

Corporal Max. In part second Professor Nichols is aned for three comic songs; Mrs. Nichols dances a land fling, an Irish jig, and a Jordan breakdown, plays a violin solo, and sings two or three songs. The whole concludes with "the very laughable French "pantomime cutitled, The Closes Outsetted; or, Who "State the Liquer" with Professor and Mrs. Nichols in

"State the Laptor?" with Professor and Mrs. Nichols in the leading roles. Admission fifteen cents. No half-price. "Music for dancing after the entertainment, if "desired." "Tickets ken be had at Swinard" a grocery." I have written to Jack to send the Professor and his troupe down to the metropolis. I would give anything to have a dash at them, and Gayler has a piece, not from the Prench, already for their debut. om the French, already for their debut.

Mrs. Bateman has made a drama out of Longfellow's

Evangeline, in which Miss Kate Bateman will make her debut at the Winter Gerder of the Confession of t

The Winter Garden presented a very curious en-emble, last Monday night.

Matilda Heron, the Shu-shu-gar, had returned to

have seen a good deal of trouble in my time. Anna Maria has moments when she is very disagreeable. I always get a bad partner at whist, and rarely hold over honors. I have corns. Men whom I detest al-insist on shaking me by the hand, and women, whom I adore, as a rule, wont have me at any price Il these are minor miseries compared to the sufferings hich I endured during the first performance of *Lesbia*. I know that I can't tell you, O! Effendi of the

ingga, what a bore it is, but I'll try:
Les Noces Venitiones is a drama by Victor Sejour ounced by the Shu-shu-gar as a "Ser It is all about Venice, the Falieri family, the

is alone considered. All his love and interest and anxiety goes for nothing; the son believes only in what he sees,—his harshness, his coldness, his unfamiliarity. He loses one of the most lovely of Heaven's blessings, filial affection. But why should he lose it? The boy is not so horrid a monster that he cannot be treated as a friend by his father. He is subject to persuasion, to kindness, to good sense; he need not feel that he is forced to do things by being bullied by one bigger than himself.

The father is not incapable of inspiring affection, as the devotion of the daughter to him often proves. He is better than he seems.

The father is not incapable of inspiring affection, as the devotion of the daughter to him often proves. He is better than he seems.

Dramatit Fruillton.

Faits Divers.

They have two "Octoroons" over in the Bowery; and, as I see by the dailies, they are both doing very well. I have not yet had the time required for an Oriental trip. Meanwhile, the horn of the Bourcicalt is exalted, and there is no chance for Kerjunor.

When the House gets organized, Brown intends to lobby through two bills,—one for the peremptory crushing of Bourcicanlt, and the other to make the production of Kerjunor obligatory upon the managers.

The Patti-wing of the Opera company will return to have for the peremptory to the came of the Opera company will return to the chere amic of Galieno during five years, has been the chere amic of Galieno during five years, has been the chere amic of Galieno during five years, has been the chere amic of Galieno during five years, has been the chere amic of Galieno during five years, has been the chere amic of Galieno during five years, has been the chere amic of Galieno during five years,

production of Kerjanea obligatory upon the managers.
The Patti-wing of the Opera company will return to larving-Place next week, and open on Thursday. Little Patti has made such a hit in Boston, that she has, on dit, grown two inches in height, and enlarged her crinoline. The Athenians think that, next to the Obl Greeks and Mount Auburn, she is the best thing out. state of indignation about it: Springs the Council of Terrinoline. The Athenians think that, next to the Old Greeks and Mount Auburn, she is the best thing out. One of the country-members of the Legislature 'calklates' it would be a good 'idee' to set up her 'statoo' between those of Webster and Horace Mann.

A most remarkable instance of pure affection for art was afforded the other day in the Court of the Marines (so called because they tell the most awful stories there, by Mr. John S. Méscenas Lutz, who swore that he had no interest in the profits or losses of Miss Laura

was afforded the other may not the most awful stories is called because they tell the most awful stories there, by Mr. John S. Macennas Lutz, who swore that the had no interest in the profits or losses of Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, and received no salary for his services as Treasurer. I have been so far penetrated with admit ation at Mr. Lutz's magnanimity, that my digestion has been seriously impaired.

The most awful stories in the profits or losses of Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, and received no salary for his services as Treasurer. I have been so far penetrated with admit ation at Mr. Lutz's magnanimity, that my digestion has been seriously impaired.

The most awful stories is mysteriously disappears as I am concerned, I object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is really one of the nicest place, as far as I am concerned, I object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is not bloody, nor glosomy, nor disagreeable, as the dramatists make it, but gay, lively, and a giorno in the extreme. I tell you, Effendi, that, next to Paris and Rome, Venice is the most delightful city on the Continual pitching into Venice. It is not bloody, nor glosomy, nor disagreeable, as the dramatists make it, but gay, lively, and a giorno in the extreme. I tell you, Effendi, that, next to Paris and Rome, Venice is the most delightful city on the Continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this continual pitching into Venice. It is object to this extreme. I tell you, Effendi, that, next to Paris and Rome, Venice is the most delightful city on the Continent. And as for the Bridge of Sighs, bah! There is, or was a place at the end of it, where you can get a Milanese cutlet and a Maccaroni such as the Trois spectable parents, and lived in a four-story brownfront house, in a street where there are no stables nor continuous. The street where there are no stables nor continuous and the street where there are no stables nor continuous.

Milanese cuffet and a Maccaroni such as the Trois Frères cannot approach.

And this special play, what is it? It is a dull melo-drama, which neither interests, nor entertains, nor thrills you in any way. Here and there a good situa-tion, or a fine tableau, but between all those a succes-He loved not wisely, but too well—the Brighest and the Best. She, after a brief period, said he was too short for the German, and set him out in the cold, with a number of other ineligible youths.

Pale melancholy and Dark Hennessey marked him for their own. He shunned the haunts of men, and took to the East side of the town.

Finally his Governor exiled him to the rural districts where he nursues the festive trout, and slays,

I do not speak of the moral of the play, although it teaches nothing. I am not one of those persons who advocate the Sunday-school drama; but I think that art does not require a sacrifice of all the proprieties. I believe, as a rule of art, as well as of moral ethics, that whatever is not essentially good and true, and is a recommended by itself to one's natural instincts, is wrong and false, and no matter how carefully an claborately it may be done, must be inevitably damned But, in the matter under present consideration, we are not required to go very deeply. Lesbia is a very bad play in French, and is still worse in English, or

what is called English in the coulisses.

As for the acting: Miss Herop has not made a success in her new rôle. It is said that she has fallen off since in her new role. It is said that she has fallen off since her great success in Iss Danse our Comélies. For one, I do not see it. It appears to me that she is Marguerile Gausier in everything, no better and no worse than when she first played at Wallack's.

True, she moans and howis a little more in Leabie than in Comille; true, her costumes are in the worst taste, and make her look much heavier than she is; true that

the little touch of nature, which was the chiefest of her charms, has disappeared: but the mistake you have all made in the case of Matilda Heron, as in that of Laura made in the case of Matilda Heron, as in that of Laura Keene, is in the supposition that a clever woman with some stage tact is an artist. It is a very grave error. Rachel was a clever woman when she played the sou-brettes in a Boulevart theatre, but she never was an artist until Samson took her in hand; and, after all, artist until samson took ner in hand; and, arter all, she was never satisfied with her own work. We have not on the American stage a woman-artist in the tragic way, and only Miss Robertson, and Mrs. Wood, and Miss Gannon in comedy. This is the fault of the public, which runs to pretty faces and nice wardrobes.

I don't object to them any more than any one else:

I only protest against the cant of criticism which eaalts shams and humbugs to places where they do no
belong. In the case of Heron she has artistic perceptions and instincts, but she has been spoiled, like Laurs Keene and Mrs. Hoey, by outrageous puffing.

I have been led into such a long cases that I see

have but a little space to give to the other artists at the Winter Garden.

have but a liner of the Winter Garden.

Mr. Wallack, not an especial favorite of mine heretofore, surprised me with a most vigorous and vividily
artistic performance. I do not think that Macready
artistic performance is a played the part better or even as himself could have played the part better or even as well. Every pose was effective, and considering that Matilida Heron, the Shu-shu-gar, had returned to himself could have played the part occurs of the metropolis, and was to play in a new piece which had been rehearsed in the provinces, and much admired by the pundits of Philadelphia and the modern Athens, The house was packed with the most knowing audience I have ever even in a New York theatre.

It was a profound 'sell,' this *Lesbis*; an immense it was a profound 'sell,' this *Lesbis*; an immense how. The player is the street of the player of the pla

I have taken up a great deal of valuable time in-saying what I might have put more directly thus: Lesbiu is a bore; and, were it not for Mr. Wallack's acting, a flasco. The managers of the Winter Garden were very stupid in spending so much money to give so had a play as fine a price on seeing. Auful Lesfonder must give us something better than Les Noess Ven as my friend the Duke would say, "it won't wash."

Mr. Lester Wallack's Poor Young Man.

On Tuesday, at Wallack's, The Romance of a Peor Young Man was produced. The audience was quite as numerous, but not so distingué as that at the W. G. on Monday

moiselle thinks that marrying him is the very best thing also can do. Then, according to the bill, "the peasants enter in their picturesque Breton contumes," and there is a general tableau of rejoicing. A state of things which I, for one, would not disturb for the world.

As for the women, Mrs. Hoey is not a bit like Mad-As for the women, Mrs. Hoey is not a bit like Mai-emoiselle Marguerite, the cold proud beauty whom Feuillet describes so finely. Nearer to the author's idea is Miss Morant, who gave a piquant flavor to the governess in the earlier scenes, but very nearly spoiled it all by a melo-dramatic exit, which was laughably it all by a melo-dramatic exit, which was laughably abourd in a play of this kind. Miss Gannon, with her hair á la Josephine, was delicious in the lachrymose dame. I don't think that this capital actress is properly appreciated. I owe her a great deal. She always puts me in a good humor, and next to Wood has more real fun than any other actress on our stage.

Now as I fear that I am getting to be a bore, I will take my that and go define a very few words.

lack has made a very fair play out of The Romanes of a Poor Young Man. People who have not read the novel will think that the drama is exceedingly good. The weakest point is that which should be strongest, the tower scene. This is made purely Bowery. After a great deal of talk about his honor, the Poor Young Man makes a terrific leap from the highest point of the tower, to the great injury of a large number of mat-trasses. The audience liked Mr. Lester's jump so much that he came before the curtain after doing it, and like Snug the Joiner, allowed the ladies to see that he was uninjured. Was ever anything so shound?

Song the Jone, allowed the ladies to see that he was uninjured. Was ever anything so absurd?

The Romane of a Poor Young Man was more successful than Lesbia, although the former cannot be set down as a positive triumph. Like all of Feuillet's plays, not excepting his greatest and best, Dalila, it is too

on the artists to which they are not equal.

The public, however, did not seem bored, and called
Mr. Lester Wallack out, or rather some people made a
noise, and he came out, and delivered a characteristically modest speech, taking a good deal of credit to
himself, giving some to Mr. Edwards, and a little to

He neglected to mention M. Octave Ferniser, who had, it is generally supposed, something do with the authorship of Le Roman d'un Jeune Hon Powere. For a foreigner and a Frenchman, he is a fair writer; and Messrs. Lester Wallack and Pierrepont Edwards ought to be magnanimous, and give the young man a chance. Sweetly, O Editor, your own

P. S. -A. M. wants to say that though she isn't a "Cricket," she don't see the new pieces at Wallack's and the W. G., and as for her give her Laura Keene's and the Circus. I am afraid the Dear Child is more than half right.

A Prior Attachment. Bennett's attachment to the 'Calumniator of the Old

How to Poison an M. C. Make him eat his words.

Night-Watchman's Salute. Many happy returns of the 'day.'

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man." Fancying himself at Wallack's.

The Skeleton of the House The Dead Lock. Board of Common Council-men.

Pree Lunch. Caste.

It is the boast of the Clown at Niblo's that he moves

Lost Art.

The engraving of "Christ and His Apostles," n the celebrated group of Thorwalsden (see Dayton Co.'s announcement in another column), is well worthy the attention of all lovers of art.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

Yesterday I was looking at a beautiful horse. He seemed the personification of gentleness. As I ap-proached him, to obtain a nearer view, he put down his head as if he would be caressed; when I to stroke his neck, he bit at and nearly su wounding me. (He did tear my coat.) The gentle appearance of that animal is like the weather we have enjoyed for the past week. For although the warm air don't bite, it gives severe colds by, tempting one, with its mildness, to cast off the usual Winter protection of

thick clothing.

On every side, from every person I hear but the sam remark, "What charming weather!" "Tis true th air is mild, the sun is warm, but I cannot enjoy th council of Ten, the Bridge of Sighs, and so forth.
Lesbia, who might as well have been in Kamachatka as in Venice, of are as the plot is concerned, is a courte-san and a spy, in a short white silk dress with blue stripes, and gold fringe around the tops of her boots. When you are first introduced to this sphendid creature, she is paying a visit to Orceda, an unamiable old raced, in a black and red robe de chambre, and a leard of many colors, for which I would suggest Manchil. He presents her with a slight token of his regard in the shape of a purse, which she stows away in her packet. Before she leaves the trysting-place (the palace of the Doge), Lesbia is theoply affected by the arrival of Colonie lisions, the faccinating young man of the drama. Like all army-men, he is powerful with the beau sease. Even when his dug-out—they call it a gonoloda, but it in tin t—appears afar off, Lesbia falls terribly in love with him and rejects the old gentleman's purse "with score." In real life this would be considered the most wonderful case of conscience on record.

In real life this would be considered the most wonderful case of conscience on record.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the conquering complaint with army men, from Julius (Essar down. to Essar and Essar (Essar Essa and Essa (Essa E

and there is a general tableau of rejoicing. A state of things which I, for one, would not disturb for the world.

I must, however, tell the people who have read the charming novel that if they go to the theatre expecting to see the characters reproduced on the stage, they will be disappointed.

The actors and actresses couldn't do it if they tried, and perhaps it is better that they don't try. Take the men to begin with. There is a fine contrast between the characters of the poor Marquis and the wealthy insouciant man of the world, whom you dislike at first, but who in the end turns out to be a trump. Mr. Lester Wallack's pride is effensive. It is not the outward sign of the innate dignity of a nobleman who has been placed in a trying and delicate position; it is only the stage gentleman, trying to accommodate himself to the peculiarities of a new character. Mr. Walcot did not play well, because he played too much. There is nothing so difficult to represent on the stage as the well-bred man of the present day, and it is not decrying Mr. Walcot's real artistic merit, to say that he cannot or does not do it. Of course he is not vulgar, but at the same time he has not the requisite avoir faire. Mr. Brougham's character is clumsily written. He gives it a certain vraisemblance, more than could be expected from the materials placed in his hands.

As for the women, Mrs. Hoey is not a bit like Mad-

BEAUTIFUL'.

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LIFE IN SPAIN Past and Present. By WALTER THORSBURY

ne and very lively. . . Gay, with effective drawing color.—London Examiner.

Pickareage and very lively. Gay, with effective drawing and bright color.—Landae Ememinar.

A good book—a noteworthy book—a rare book. Jotted down, as the author cary, "on cigarette paper, with ink made of orange-juice and Spanish Spacies," it has all the fame, and dry, accette ferver, all the color, the warmth, the passion, and the burning sun of modern Spain; it is no oull effect of imagination, where the lises are out of drawing and the paints too greas or too faded—it is no monotenous air twanged out on a single string;—but it is actual, it may trath; the thing seen rendered in natural colors, bright and brilliant; the theme played translated through all its variations rich and clear. We have seldom not with more vivid word-painting. The dry, host, burning air, with its foods of bilinding sunstance resting on the dusty leaves and the glazing house; the lean, brown Spaniard, with his keen eye and grave court-sy, his ready knife, and his unwrilling activity; the rele water-jar-standing like a mockey of comfort, every drop drained by the hast thirstly wretch who was to paning by; the burchous melone, hasping like globes of fromes nectar in their entangled network of vien; the city skepping in its noomtide shouts, with only the ferce sun waking overhand—was see, feel, know, are conscious of all, so vividly does the traveller bring his experiences before us.

Mr. Thornbury is an artist born, perhaps bred; and has the keen perceptions and lunctions enjoying eye of an artist to perfection.—Athenmen.

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Vanlage.

Rev. 4. P. Punkoly, editor of the North American Review, mys:
The examination which I have thus far been able to make, confirms
the opinion of fis, transcending excellence which I ferred from
the specimen sheets submitted to my inspection. There is no
point at which can precise less than the highest stainable care
and still. There is no department within the province of a dictionary that has been left imperfect.

ary that has been left imperfect.

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From the Rev. Albert C. Thornto From me Rev. attert C. Therelon.

My early inclination led to to the amirration an vation of Art; especially as it is exhibited in drawing. A happiration made me leave the sparking domain of the Bone have never thought that my colling debarred toe from solin desasting Art, especially when it is made an adjunct of platih. Your glarious sugraving of "Christ and His Apost truly an adjunct, and I have recommended it to the cent less and walls of my congregation. You have shown tasks defensed in seasons are a for a finite content in a season of the season of th and walls of my congregation. You have shown taste gment in presenting a gift of a Bible with the Engravit v you can afford it, but I do not see how.

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or old credulous uncle's expense."

ks'. I would not come near the place after sun-

"Tricks! I would not come near the place are sure with for ten thomand pounds."

"Hum! my dear, large sum-very. But let us have seep into this wardrobe. There, if anywhere, we all ind the solution of the enigma in case of disturber. Nothing in there but three racks for clothes:

how the fashionable babies in London had been born, how the fashionable couples had been married, and monde. There was, however, throughout the evening, something forced and unnatural in the spirits of the party. The ladies appeared to look upon Uncle John as you would look upon a dear friend who were the state of how the fashionable people whose time had come, had passed away beyond the further notice of the beau "Eh! was gone! party. The ladies appeared to look upon Uncle John as you would look upon a dear friend who was about to go up in a balloon, or down in a diving-bell, or to lead a forlorn hope, or engage in any other very perilous enterprise, from which there was very little channel. nired none, and smother him with a thousand femipressive. Uncle John at last started up, saying :

My journey to-day has been long and fatiguing retire for the night."

At this moment one of the window-shutters blew open with a loud crash. Margaret, who was presiding over the tea-table, in her sudden fright seized the of the tea-urn for support; the tea-urn gave way, and upset its scalding contents upon the accu-rately shaved hind-quarters of Lady Caroline's favorite rately shaved hind-quarters of Lady Caroline's favorite poodle. Benvenuto. The dog immediately retreated under his mistress' chair, with one long despairing yell, like the pitch-pipe in a country church. Eliza threw herself on her knees before her mother, which touching movement of filial confidence was met in a somewhat eccentric manner by that lady, who cuffed her violently, while she lavished upon her at the same time expressions of the most devoted affection. Mr. John Daubville alone retained his presence of mind,

'It is only the dog," and began kicking Benvenute under the chair. Benvenuto, whether aroused by the personal indignity offered to him, or smarting under the stimulus of his recent hot bath, or really under the on that Mr. Daubville was the cause of the confusion, fastened his teeth on that gentleman's calf until his eyes watered with pain. At last, but not for some time, order was restored, and Mr. Daubville, desirous of regaining the position of a man of cool head and unflinching nerve, from which he had somewhat fallen, with one vigorous kick disengaged his leg from Benvenuto's teeth, and walking over to the window, soon ascertained that it was only the fastening of the

"No John," said Lady Caroline, "It is not the wind, it is a warning! The Spirit of the Haunted Chamber is abroad, and bids you not to intrude upon the apartment sacred to his repose.

"My dear sister," said Mr. Daubville, "nonsense; in that room I will sleep to-night, though fifty thous-and ghosts should be my bed-fellows."

red, save at the extremity where the great bed stood this portion of the room was so distant from the hearth, that it did not take the color from the fire; but was so dark that you could scarcely distinguish the objects if contained. The huge bed looked indeed like a heavy shadow. It was very odd, but somehow or another Uncle John began to feel uncomfortable. The candle scarcely produced any appreciable effect either upon

"Ghosts." he muttered to himself. "Pooh! pooh! not to be caught that way. I wish that confounded dog had been a ghost. However, it's as well to guard inst what they call fun-so I will load one of my use, and another with powder and ball in case an der of a different description should drop in." id, and so done. "And now," continued Uncle John. "I will put one at the right hand of the bedthat shall be the business pistol—and one at the left, for the benefit of practical jokers. Now for it—rather dark down there -well, well, what an old fool I amha, ha, ha! place the pistols out of my reach at once indeed—not such a simpleton as that—but I'll take one—the one loaded with powder and ball—yee, powder and ball, and reconnoitre my quarters." Pronouncing these last words very emphatically, Uncle John struck up with great vigor, but considerably out of tune, the old peacher's anthem.

John struct up with great vigor, or of time, the old peacher's anthem.

It's my delight of a histy night in the season of the year, and marched up to the old wardrobe with his pistol cocked in one hand, and the lighted candle in the other. The wardrobe was as empty as when he had impected it. The bed with its heavy tapestry hangings was

old omer—many comfortable in his mind, he now proceeded to make his preparations for the night; but the only point in these on which any streas need be laid, was the care which Mr. Danbville displayed in putting on a heavy cotton night-cap; one of the good old sort, which stood upright on the head, and was crowing at its apex with a tame!. For further security, crowing at its apex with a tame!

"Had the hint from the old Vicomte de Pituite. mbination of utility and elegance. Ah! wish I'd turn

gray instead of bald. There are so many dyes of apgirls," said Uncle John; "and it would have proved merit; but here I am as bare as a billiard-ball.

O! for the sensation of brushing one's hair! 'Those young dogs, they don't knew the blessings they enjoy.

One hour now of being small-tooth-combed by a rough-handed nurse-maid, with one's thick elfin locks matted and tangled. Talk of the first kies of first love -nothing to—'

It was not a little remarkable that all recollection of the baunted room seemed to have passed away from

undertake to make good the place against all attacks for ever on a bed or monten have, all to the from ghosts actual, or ghosts that are to be. And huge block of ice. Strange to say the torture was from ghosts actual, or ghosts that are to be. And huge block of ice. Strange to say the torture was bearable, although decidedly uncomfortable. "What indertake to make good the place against all attacks from ghosts actual, or ghosts that are to be. And now, my dear girls, if you will kindly rejoin your mow, my dear girls, if you will kindly rejoin your the fallows the fallows the fashionable babies in London had been born, now the fashionable couples had been married, and we find that the first was to put his hands up to his head—his night-cap beau goas?

This time the night was not so far spent as it had been born, was pitch dark, and he continued sneezing. His first been before when he had been roused from his alumnated was put his hands up to his head—his night-cap beau goas?

This time the night was not so far spent as it had been before when he had been roused from his alumnated was put his hands up to his head—his night-cap beau goas?

np and searched everywhere. The night-cap was not to be found. It was very odd—he must have put it on before getting into bed; he had been bald since five-and-twenty, and whatever other duty he had nve-and-twenty, and whatever other duty he had neglected, he had never forgotten to put on a night-cap during all these years. What made matters worse just now was that the trunk containing his provision of night-caps had not yet been brought up into his room. There was no help for it, but to make shift by tying a stocking round his bead, and so to sleep again He was aroused by a knocking at his door; a servant entered the room with hot water. It was broad daylight, and time to get up. The friendly stocking which he had tied round his head had fallen off in the night, but was lying on the pillow, and Uncle John

When he got down to the breakfast-room he found Lady Caroline and her daughters waiting to welcome him with looks of fearful interest. Everybody save Benvenuto, tantane animis calestibus, mindful of the

see him safe and sound. "Did the Spirit of the Chamber pass before you in the night, dear John?" said Lady Caroline. "You

look worn and wan.' "Ah-tschoo! ah-tschoo! ah-tschoo!"

"Ah-tschoo! Confound the ghost! O! dear! ah-

"Dear John, it appears to me that you are suffering from catarrh; but at least you have escaped the dan-gers of the supernatural world."

Mr. Daubville, with watery eyes, and many success,

related to them his adventure of the previous night it was the strangest—the most unaccountable thing, he quite lost his temper when he found that he was unable to convince his sister and nieces that he had shutter that had given way under the pressure of a put on a night-cap at all; but was somewhat soothee when Margaret and Elias, who were aware of his par-tiality for night-caps, told him that for months past they had been engaged in working for him a night-cap, which would be to other night-caps as Milan Cathedral to other cathedrals. The presentation night-cap wanted but the tassel, which the young ladies were to procure that afternoon in Leghorn, and

ladies were to procure that atternoon in twould be ready next day.

"Well, my dear nicces—ah-tachoo—I am much obliged to you for your magnificent present, and still more for your—ah-tachoo—consideration for my comfort. This night I suppose I must put up with—ah-tachoo—one of the ordinary material; but at least techno—one of the ordinary material;

"Why, dear, John, what is the matter?"

In order that this recital may be disencumbered fro had taken the precaution on the previous night to summon one of the servants to his presence whilst he was preparing for bed. This servant Pietro—known in he establishment as Pietro Grande, an old man, abov the establishment as Fietro Grande, an old man, above all suspicion of participation in any practical joke, had seen the night-cap on Mr. Daubville's head, when he got into bed—had extinguished his light—had left him in bed with the night-cap on; but morning came, and where was the night-cap? Uncle John would not be-lieve but that somebody had entered his room in the night and stripped his alceping head of its honors; in-deed it was easy to gather from his manner that he believed his nicces to be at the bottom of the mischief. Certainly he had not locked his door. He could not suppose that any person in the house, certainly not any person who set any value on his health or comfort. person who set any value on his health or comfort would be so inconsiderate—so wanting in respect t him—so silly, as to take part in such a miserable trick However, he must pay the penalty, but if he could but catch them—! There was a savage twinkle about Uncle John's eye as he sneezed out these last words

of tune, the old peacher's anthem.

It's my selight of a shap sight the season of the year, and marched up to the old wardrobe with his pistol cocked in one hand, and the lighted candle in the other. The wardrobe was as empty as when he had inspected it. The bed with its heavy tapestry hangings was visited in the same manner.

"Mere matter of form, remarked Uncle John, "but old officer—must go my rounds—all habit."

Obviously more comfortable in his mind, he now proceeded to make his preparations for the night; but the only point in these on which any stress need to harden up in the middle of the day—and laid, was the care which Mr. Daubville displayed in Margaret and Elim brought to their uncle the pressur-

the head do harden up in the middle of the day—and Margaret and Elim brought to their uncle the presentation night-cap.

It was a magnificent article of black velvet, heavily embroidered with gold. It was padded inside, and the ingenuity of the young ladies had even contrived a morable strap to pass under the chin, fastening with a button at either side, and which might be either used to the property of an allowance. op taken off at pleasure.

down for ten thousand pounds."

"Hom" any dear, large sum—very. But let us have a peep into this wardrobe. There, if anywhere, we shall must the abuttion of the edigina in case of disturbable. Nothing in there but three racks for clothes:

"Iso all sound, and clear of the wall. Not much danger there. Dressing-table without furniture, frills, or bederies "right again—not like a conjuror's table with all the apparatus underneith. Frame of the bedstead three inches from the groined. Egal, if anybedy aligne beneath that, he cant be a body—must be a ghost—all the better."

"Oh, uncle!" said Miss Margaret, "il's quite awful to hear you talks on Who wouldn't exchange a cold, not, thing ghost for a good, solid, confortable human housebreaker, with—perhaps, a finanel waisteed to make gage. Housebreaker might make a ghost of me; ghost couldn't turn me into a housebreaker, with—perhaps, a finanel waisteed to make gage. Housebreaker might make a ghost of me; ghost couldn't turn me into a housebreaker. Let me have a look up the thimmey—cross-lars—all right, again—besides, good fire, smoke him out—make the place tool to head him. Only one point more to guard—exuse my vigilares, lot under the canding of the way of the mission may be a sufficient for tools of the place against all a take way. Very good, indeed—no danger from without—puzzle them to get up that wall—not a balcony anywhere." On the said in given the condemned spirita explained their mission was deep. "It isn't the view, you fooling girl, look at the drop-sixty ay! I dare say eventy feet-lared down and may be a sufficient for took of mother hand, to the bedstead in the sixty of the place against all attacks from ploths a sufficient for took in the substitute of the bedstead of the place and the substitute of the substitute of the bedstead the man for the place and the substitute of the s

burning, though now low, upon the hearth (a lurid red

Eh! what is this? night-cap tumbled off, despite

glow pervaded the room), but still there was an unnatural feeling abroad. Uncle John wanted to cate at his pistols; but his arms were glued to his side at his pistors; but his arms were gined to his sides, and his poor ladd head grew wet with perspiration. When he moved, never so lightly, the crackling of the Indian corn-leaves underneath him was to him like the crack of doom. At last he could stand it no longer; he tried to shrick out "Who's there?" at the top of his voice, as he would have cheered at the cover side in his voinces days, his works came from him he side in his younger days—his words came from him in a weak, childish treble. There was no reply. He sate side in his younger days—nis words came rrom nim in a weak, childish treble. There was no reply. He sate up in bed, and the first object on which his eye rested, was a tall figure in what was apparently a white cloak, standing before the mirror with his black velvet cap on

> This sight immediately roused Uncle John's indig-He caught up his pistols, and, in bed as he

"I've got you at last: bring back my can, this mo-

nent - this very moment."

The white figure took no notice of the sum remained before the mirror, making the most fantastic lows and salutations to itself. You would almost have bows and salutations to itself. You would almost have supposed it to be a dancing-master, practising a new minurt. Its attention, however, seemed to be chiefly devoted to the cap. Now it cocked it upon one side of its head, and stuck a hand upon its own side in a jaunty way; now it drew the cap well-nigh over its eyes with both its hands, and bowed its head backwards and forwards, like a Chinese Mandarin figure: then it thrust it well off the forehead in Pierrot fashion; but all this time Uncle John could never catch a glimpse of the face. Roused at length to an unbearable pitch of exsperation as the white figure seemed to evince sympoms of an intention to pull the tassel off—

asperation as the winte against seemed to evence symptoms of an intention to pull the tamel off—
"Now, take notice," roared out Uncle John; "this pistol is loaded with ball, and I'm a nine-of-diamonds man, in solemn earnest. If you don't bring that cap to this side of the bed, and surrender before I count

three, I fire. One—two—three."

The pistol exploded, but the draped figure treat the commencement of hostilities with the profoundest contempt, not to say derision. The only effect of the discharge was that it began turning its head round and round with great rapidity, like a dancing dervish in a paroxysm. The idea immediately occurred to Mr. Daubville, that the bullets had been drawn from his pistols; but, even so, it was atrange that the figure would not turn round, and took no more notice of his existence than though he had been in his bachelor lodgings, in Norfolk street, May Fair. He slipped out of bed with the other pistol in his hand, and stepped across to where the figure stood, still with its face to in that room I will aleep to-night, though fifty thousand photas should be my bed-fellows."

So saying, Mr. Daubville took up his candle and retired. His retreat would have been dignified, but that Benvenuto, who did not at all seem to consider the dispute had ended in a manner satisfactory to his own feelings, kept on making short rushes at him, thus compelling him to face about, and contest every inch of ground to the door.

There was a fine wood-fire smouldering on the hearth of the Haunted Chamber, as Uncle John entered it to take up his quarters for the night. The great log had long since accomplished all that it could in the way of crackling, and blazing, and sending forth tongues of fire, and had now concentrated its efforts upon the production of a steady rich glow. The room looked, save at the extremity where the great bed stood;

Indies were to procure that afternoon in Leghorn, and and much and photasts should be my bed-fellows."

Well, my dear nieces—ah-tachoo—I am much obliged to you for your magnificent present, and still with its face to it would be ready next.day.

"Well, my dear nieces—ah-tachoo—I am much obliged to you for your magnificent present, and still with its face to the mirror. As he it would be ready next.day.

"Well, my dear nieces—ah-tachoo—I am much obliged to you for your magnificent present, and still when the bold inspect of the figure into the mirror. As he shoulder of the figure into the mirror. As he shoulder of the figure partly opened its drapery lise! as a skeleton; and the drapery lise! as a skeleton; and the drapery lise! as a skeleton; and the drapery lise! as a skeleton in the mirror. As he the wirror, determined to ascertain who the bold instruder might be. The gyrations of the head had ceased the mirror. As he the mirror, determined to ascertain who the bold instruder might be. The gyrations of the head had ceased the mirror. As he the mirror, determined to ascertain who the bold instruder might be. The gyrations of the head had ceased the mirror of the figure shoul

There was a noise in the passage outside; a calling from many voices; and amongst them the voices of Lady Caroline and her daughters were predominant. The door was broken open by the servants, and Uncle John was carried off to another apartment, and gradually, brought back to consciousness. He seemed at first to have forgotten all about his adventures of the night; it was only when the circumstances of his having been found insensible on the floor of the Haunted Room was recelled to his memory. That he called cett. ecalled to his memory, that he called out:
"The ghost—the ghost! Take me away from thi

"The ghost—the ghost! Take me away from this accursed place. Take me away at once."

The next morning, the Daubville family left the Villa Ardinghelli, and exchanged the neighborhood of Leghorn for Florence. Uncle John could never be brought to speak of his adventures that terrible night in the Haunted Room.

One day, in the following Spring, the Daubville family, Uncle John and all, were roaming about Florence, under the guidance of a learned Italian friend.

One day, in the following Spring, the Danbville family, Uncle John and all, were reaming about Florence, under the guidance of a learned Italian friend, who had taken upon himself to be their Cloerone round the antiquities of Florence. In the course of one of their wanderings, in a somewhat remote quarter of the town, they came to the church of San Teodore; a church little visited by English travellers. There were two or three carriages in the plama before the church.

"Ah! I remember," mid their conductor. fortunate we came here to-day. A tomb is to be open ed, the tomb of a great hero in our Florentine history

Come along!"

Their guide hurried them into the church. As the rere walking up the sisle, Lady Caroline whi But whose tomb is it?"

culiar to Italians, said:

"The tomb of Ausmonio ner Ardensumma!"
Uncle John followed the Abbè to the spot, when just as they came up the workmen had succeeded in heaving the marble lid off a sarcophagua. The lid was so ponderous that it had been necessary to use strong mechanical contrivances to move it. The hydranders crowded up; but only a few were allowed to approach at a time, and amongst these the place of hence was given to the English haddes. Margaret had no sooner looked in, than she shricked out:

"Uncle John himself pressed his way through the lit-

ing in the skull.

Uncle John quitted the church with his party, and that evening related his story to his relations and their Italian friend. This gentleman had brought with him an extract from an old Florentine chronicler, which, as he said, would throw light upon the matter. Here

as he said, would throw light upon the matter. Here it is:

Now the skirmish having passed pleasantly, with great delectation to the noble knights and their horses, at another the saint of the valuant combatants. "Where is Ambrogio of the valuant combatants of the walker of the walker of the valuant combatants, where is Ambrogio of the valuant combatants, where is a the valuant combatants, where is a the combatants, which is the sail of the property of the ambrogio of the valuant combatants, which is the sail of the property of the interest of the valuant combatants, which is the sail of the property of the valuant combatants, which is the property of the valuant combatants of the valuant combatants, which is the property of the valuant combatants, which is the valuant combatants, which is the property of the valuant combatants, which is the property of the valuant combatants, which is the valuant combatants which is the property of the valuant combatants, which is the property of the valuant combatants, which is the property of the valuant comb

The Italian told him that it was a recognized tradi-tion in Tucacny, that the spirit of Ambrogio haunted that old Livorness villa; that the departed warrior was ever in search of some substitute for his lost hel-met; and that, in his opinion, it had undoubtedly ap-peared to him. Uncle John did not mention his own conclusions; but from that time he was an altered nan, and gave up Voltaire.

RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS

The true way to preserve art is to popularize it; the way to make true art popular, is to apread before the public the only examples of the best masters in art, among whom Raphael is acknowledged as the fore-most. Everybody has heard of his famous cartoons. Raphael Sanzio was born at Urbino, in 1483, and

fied in 1520. Much has been told of his marvellou genius, and his yet greater fertility; in twenty year he painted one hundred and twenty-eight oil painting and freecoes, and made many hundred drawings.

When at the pinnacle of his grandeur and fame, with
his dexterity and power of composition at the ripost
he painted the cartoons. And here we will mention
for the benefit of the uninitiated, that Cartoon is from the Italian word Curtons, meaning pasteboard, as the

were usually drawn upon size.

At this period the Flemish were noted for their manufacture of tapestry, and Leo X., delighted with its beauty of execution, commissioned Raphael to make designs to be wrought in tapestry for the Vatican. These designs originally numbered sixteen, but in the years and changes that followed their production

Of the remaining Cartoons, seven were pu Charles I., by the advice of Rubens, and thus unique and valuable art collection, secured to the British Empire. They were placed in the Palace of Hampton Court, where they now re lowing are the subjects of these con which are from the New Testament: 1. St. Paul Preaching at Athens.

2. The Charge to Peter: "Feed My Sheep.
3. The Death of Ananias.

4. Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck with Bline 5. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

7. The Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

It is, perhaps, peculiar to these pictures that the are less than any others of Raphael's execution, de

pendent for interest upon color.

Although this great adjunct of painting is series more pure, more refined, and yet more boldly grand than in this, yet their correctness of drawing, their grandeur of expression, and feeling in conception, are such as to render them great without color. But in spite of these favoring circumstances, the

plates (as is supposed by aid of the British Govern-ment), and have begun to issue from them prints, the number to be confined to five thousand, when the plates are to be destroyed. During a late visit in Europe, Mr. Charles B. Norton, of this city, heard of the circumstances, and was enabled to obtain the agency for this country, with the right to dispose of five hundred sets, at tap Aoller of are hundred sets, at ten dollars the set. When it is known that these seven line engravings measure thirty-eight by twenty-five inches, are not worn, but perfect impressions of the exception. perfect impressions of the exquisitely-finished plates and when the excellence and fame of the subjects are considered, we think the public will agree with us that merely viewing them in a pecuniary light, they are the chesest works we have, as in an artistic ligh they rank with the greatest.—N. Y. Beening Post.

DICKENS AND LEIGH HUNT.

In one of the recent numbers of All the Year Re. Dickens quotes an extract from the closing words w Leigh Hunt's son has appeaded to his father's biography, descriptive of the gentleness and go of his father's character. The younger Hunt says

of his father's character. The younger Hunt says:

Byen at seasess of the greatest depression in his formes, he always attracted many visitors, but still no much from any repute that attended him, as for horsonal qualities. Few men were more attractive society, whether in a large company or over the frick. His meaners were poculiarly animated; his covernation, varied, ranging over a great field of subject was moved and called forth by the response of his corpanion, be that companion philosopher or student, say or boy, man or woman; and he was squally reach; the most lively topics or for the gravest reflections his expression easily adapting itself to the tone of homespanion; a mind. With much freedom of manne he combined a spontaneous courtesy that never faile and a considerateness derived from a ceaseless kindne of heart that invariably fuscinated even strangers.

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Reservation for reinsurance at the
tabelar rate,
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,
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Estimated of losses not heard from,
20,000 00
Contingencies of investments,
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Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agen
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335,763 00-81,395,627 12
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